

The Mirror

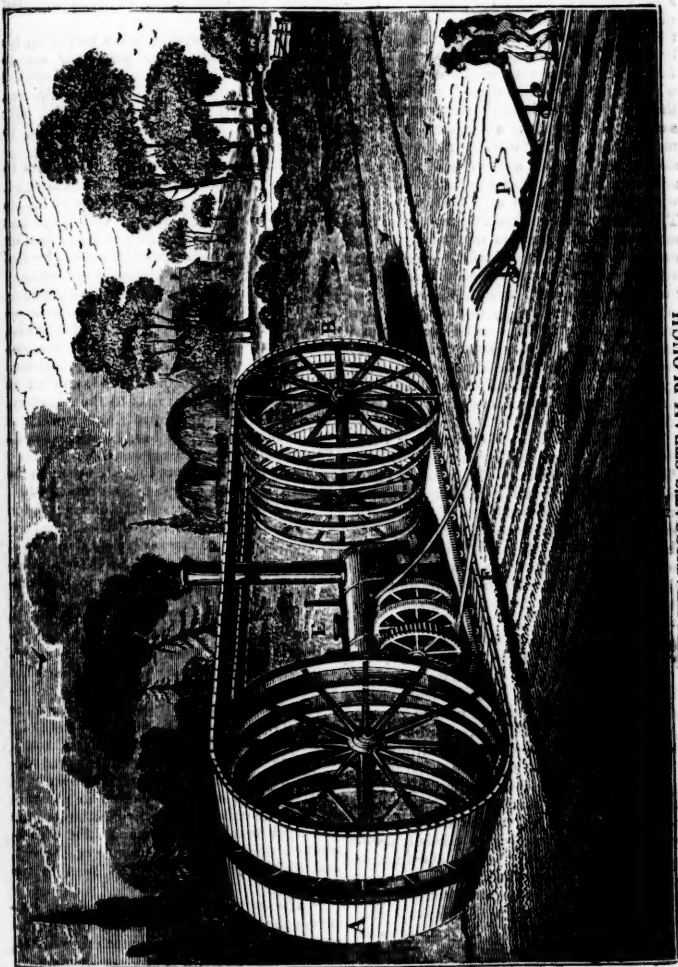
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 856.]

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[PRICE 2d.]



MR. HEATHCOAT'S STEAM-PLOUGH.

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PLOUGH.

"Speed the plough."—Morton.

THIS is, indeed, an age of rapidity. The world goes round at the same rate that it did thousands of years since; but its inhabitants are no longer to move at the same pace. Happily, they cannot meddle with the earth's motion—they cannot reach the poles—else, probably, they would whip the lazy mass round faster. Nor can they interfere with time, who "travels at divers paces," but always at the same rate. Although they cannot measure the height of the atmosphere, they can mount into harm's way by attempting it; slide along the earth at the rate of forty miles an hour; and scud over the water, bird-like, with paddle-wings, at a meteor-like course. Then why not expedite that aboriginal, almost stand-still, process of turning up the earth,—why have all the rapidity aboveground; ay, and why not plough the earth as well as the sea with steam? Surely, this will be no miracle, in days when gin can be drawn from bread, a quartern loaf can be made from a deal board, and rags are sweet because they contain sugar. All these triumphs have been accomplished; and how the most recent of them has been effected, it is our present purpose to show.

Towards the middle of last year, our attention was drawn to the invention of Steam-Ploughs, by an article in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, describing an experiment of one of these novel machines of culture, invented by Mr. Heathcoat, the public-spirited M.P. for Tiverton. The exhibition took place during the Whitsuntide recess of Parliament; when the ingenious inventor, Cincinnatus-like, may be said to have left the senate for the plough.

The article in the *Chronicle* was prefaced by the following well-timed observations:—

"The adaptation of inanimate power to the tillage of the soil must evidently have been considered by practical men to present almost insuperable difficulties, or steam would, probably, long since have been substituted for horses and oxen, as the motive power of agricultural implements. Certain light operations of the farm, such as thrashing, churning, chaff-cutting, &c., which could be performed by fixed power, have partially occupied the attention of mechanics, and suitable machinery driven by water, wind, or small steam-engines, has to some extent been advantageously used for such purposes. But the idea of a 'steam farm,' of a farm to be altogether cultivated by steam, in lieu of animal power, has hitherto been treated as visionary and absurd, except by a few individuals, and one or two agricultural societies, who have enforced, in their publications, the practicability and importance of applying

steam to effect the more laborious operations of agriculture."

By aid of the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland in the last published Number of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, we are enabled to submit to our readers the following illustrated details of this interesting invention:—

"Mr. Heathcoat obtained a patent for his plough in 1832. The particular use to which he has, in the first instance, applied it, is the reclamation of *Bogs or Mosses*, which, of all descriptions of soils, offer perhaps the greatest natural obstacles to improvement by mechanical means.

"Mr. Heathcoat's machine appears to have effectually overcome all these obstacles. Such at least is the result of the experiments hitherto made with it. A very important trial took place on the 20th of April last, on a bog or moss in Lancashire, called the *Red Moss*, near Bolton-le-Moors, in presence of a deputation of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, which was attended with complete success. Meanwhile, some description may be given of the machine, and its mode of operation, founded chiefly upon the information supplied at the time of the experiment to the secretary, by Mr. Parkes, the very intelligent practical engineer employed by Mr. Heathcoat in its construction and management.

"The machinery employed to act upon the plough is of too complex a nature to admit of very detailed figures in this place; but in order to convey some idea of its general appearance, the accompanying cuts are given, from which a notion of the form and arrangement of its principal parts may be conceived.

"The cut on page 227, is to be considered as a plan of a field partly ploughed, in which the different parts of the apparatus are represented in their relative positions, though not in their true proportions. S is the principal machine, P P the ploughs, and x x the auxiliary carriages. The double lines D D, extending from S to x, and passing through P, being flat iron bands, afterwards described, by which the plough is drawn.

"The first cut, is a sketch in perspective,* done chiefly from recollection, of the principal machine, including the steam-engine, occupying the left side of the cut, and of the plough, which is seen to the right.

"The apparatus, it will be seen, embraces three distinct parts; 1st, The steam-engine and machinery connected with it, forming of itself a complete locomotive system.

* In order to prevent confusion in this figure, the arms in the outer wheels only of the drums are represented, and the greater part of the gearing is also left out.

" 2nd. The auxiliary carriage placed, when circumstances will permit, at the distance of 220 yards on either side of the principal machine.

" And 3rd, The plough, which traverses between the other two. In situations sufficiently extensive to admit of a reach of furrow on both sides of the principal machine, an auxiliary and plough are employed on each side, as denoted by their positions in the cut on the next page.

" The first cut, exhibits a very imperfect outline of the principal machine, the parts seen being chiefly those that form the medium of locomotion. They consist of two pairs of skeleton drums, one placed at each end of the apparatus. These pairs of drums are about 26 feet apart; they are formed individually by the combination of three wheels of equal diameter, placed parallel to each other, and connected by a common axle: they are nine or ten feet in diameter. These four drums stand towards each other somewhat in the relation of the four wheels of a large wagon. The two drums on each side of the machine, being one of each pair, are embraced by a great, endless band of about 7½ feet in breadth, formed of planks laid transversely, and held in connexion by several flexible iron-hoops applied to the interior surface of the planks, and to these lines of hoop the planks are individually fixed by bolts, thus forming bands sufficiently flexible to apply round the periphery of the drums.

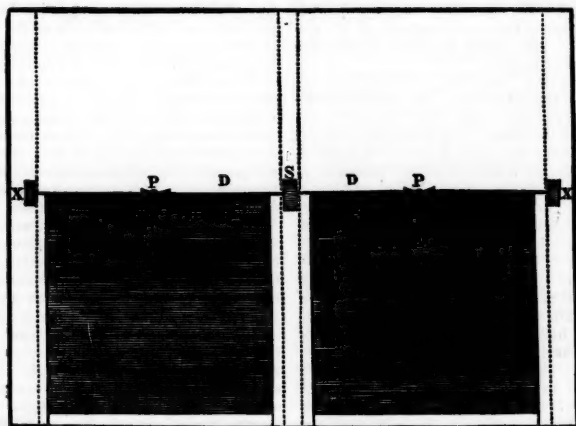
" In the first cut, A B points out the drums, and F F the bands, leaving an open space between their inward edges of six or seven feet all round the apparatus, so that the distance between the extreme edges of the two bands extends to about twenty-one feet. To keep the drums at the proper distance, and so prevent the collapsing of the bands, their axles are supported in the extremities of a strong framework or platform, which again is supported through the medium of numerous small wheels or friction rollers upon the lower part of the great bands. These wheels are arranged in rows so placed as to fall upon the lines of hoop while at the same time they turn upon axles fixed to the platform, and thus afford an easy, smooth motion to the platform, even when loaded with all its machinery.

" To complete this system of locomotion, the steam-engine E, with all its machinery, is placed on the platform already alluded to; the engine is constructed on the same principles as those employed on railways, differing only in the speed given to the medium through which its locomotion is conveyed. In the present case the motion is reduced by a combination of gearing branching off to each side of the engine, and ending in a large spur-wheel fixed on the axle of each of the drums situate towards the left of the

figure in the second cut. Another branch of gearing is led off to each side of the engine, to give motion to the pulleys on which the band that draws the plough is spirally coiled.

" 2nd, The auxiliary part of the machinery is a carriage, not seen in the first cut, but represented by *xx* in the second, one being placed on each side of the field, mounted on four wheels, and furnished with the requisite gearing, by which a man can move it forward. It is also furnished with a large, plain pulley placed horizontally, round which the flat iron band passes, proceeding from, and returning to, the principal machine, whence it derives its motion through the second branch of gearing already alluded to, and to this band the plough is attached. Each of the auxiliaries in its progressive state moves upon two lines of planks; the one line is laid into a shallow trench cut in the moss, the other is simply laid on the surface; the former being for the purpose of resisting the draft of the plough. Three lengths of plank in each line are all that are necessary, the one behind being brought up and laid in before the others in regular succession, as the work proceeds.

" 3rd, The plough has but a distant resemblance to that in common use: it is double, that is to say, has two sets of stils, one set at each end, and each set consists of four handles, it being occasionally found necessary to employ two men to guide the plough. It has also two shares, coulters, and mould boards, together with all the peculiar apparatus applied to this plough; but it may be said to have no beam. The mould-boards are both on one side, set tail to tail, so that the plough acts to and from the machine without turning round. This plough is most ingeniously constructed for performing the various functions required of it. By means of friction rollers placed under each end, and which give motion to a crank, (simply by the contact of the rollers with the ground,) two sets of apparatus are put in motion that perform essential offices in the operation of ploughing moss. These are, first, a peculiar action given to a sharp-edged and crooked blade which is made to traverse against the sharp steeled edge of the coulter, producing the operation of *clipping*, which effectually severs all the roots of the heath, carices, and other strong-rooted plants that occur in the line of the cut made by the coulter. Secondly, a similar operation is simultaneously performed, and by the same impulse, with another set of similar instruments acting under and against the edge of what forms the *share* of the plough; these last separate all the fibrous roots that occur in the sole of the furrow. The form of the mould-boards is such as to turn the furrow-slice completely over, and lay it neatly with the heath surface downwards.



(Plan of a Field partly ploughed.)

"The auxiliary carriages move on lines parallel to the roadway of the principal machine, one being placed on each side, as at *s s*, in the above cut, and at the proposed distance of 220 yards from the machine. The bands *D*, each of 660 yards in length, pass out from each side of the principal machine, where the ends are secured to one of the machine pulleys on the respective sides, extend to and pass round the large pulley of the auxiliary, and return again to the machine. At this point the plough is affixed to the band, while as much more of the band is coiled round the other machine pulley respectively, as is equal in length to the distance between the machine and the auxiliaries. The steam-engine being now set on, and the second branch of gearing adjusted to act upon the pulley to which the first end of the band is attached, this pulley will coil up the band, causing the plough to advance towards the auxiliary, and at the same time the other pulley, which at this time is free to uncoil, will deliver off its portion of the band. When the plough has reached the auxiliary, the motion is stopt, the plough is set to the next furrow, the action of the steam-engine on the pulleys is changed by shifting a clutch from the one to the other, and the pulleys reverse their duty, that which was uncoiling now becoming the coiler, and so on, alternately.

"Having thus attempted to give some idea of the construction of the machine, a few observations may be added in reference to the mode of working and the economy of its management. On this subject Mr. Henthecoat's printed description supplies the following quotations:—

"The machine and auxiliaries remain stationary during the time occupied by the ploughs in taking one furrow; they are then severally put in motion, and made to advance in three parallel lines, in order to keep pace with the breadth of land turned over, and to pull the ploughs accurately straight. The machine is impelled by the engines, and each auxiliary by its attendant man, who also shifts his planks onward as occasion requires. The machine and its auxiliaries have thus to be moved over a space of 18 inches only, whilst the ploughs have each travelled 220 yards, and turned over 220 square yards of land 9 inches in depth; in other words, the machine and auxiliaries have only to be moved 11 yards, in the time that the ploughs have travelled five and a half miles, and turned over a statute acre of land. The ploughs perform their work at the rate of two miles an hour, and are subject to very few stoppages; so that eight acres and three quarters nearly of bog would be ploughed up in a day's work of twelve hours—or, taking the average of daylight throughout the year, and making a liberal allowance for hinderances from weather and other causes, one machine would plough up 2,000 acres in a twelvemonth."

"The principal machine, together with a 6-ton load of fuel, weighs about 30 tons, its superficial bearing on the moss is 390 square feet, giving a pressure of 178 lbs. on each square foot. Taking the weight of a man at 168 lb., and the area of his foot at 30 square inches, he would, in walking, press with a weight at the rate of 806 lb. per square foot, so that the machine has a buoyancy of about 4½ times that of a man,

and could therefore travel on much softer soil than red moss, which is considered very wet and spongy.

"The steam-engines of the machine consist of two cylinders, each of 10 inches diameter, with a two-feet stroke, and the other appurtenances of a non-condensing engine, together with a fly-wheel, and at a regular speed make sixty strokes per minute. The machine is capable of travelling 1 inch for every stroke of the engine, or 5 feet per minute. This velocity is acquired with a pressure of steam equal to four pounds on the inch. The drain on either side of the roadway supplies abundance of water for the boiler.

"The flat iron band by which the plough is dragged is 2½ inches broad, and 1-16th inch in thickness.

"The friction of the band, together with the empty plough at the distance of 304 yards, is overcome with a pressure of steam equal to 8 lb. on the inch, and, when the plough has hold of the furrow-slice, a pressure of 13 lb. is required, making in all 17 lb. pressure of steam on the piston* of the engine, which, after deduction of 2 lb. for the friction arising from the piston itself, leaves a total effective pressure equal to fifteen horses' power. This force is required to work one plough moving at the rate of two miles per hour, turning over a furrow-slice of 18 inches in breadth, by 9 inches in depth. If two ploughs were employed, the force would require to be increased to a pressure of 25 lb. on the inch, equivalent to 25 horses' power, and the plough would turn over a surface of 8½ imperial acres in twelve hours.

"The plough weighs 12½ cwt., is 30 feet in length between the two extremities of the stilts, 10 feet in the length of the sole, which last has a bearing surface of 10 superficial feet, and leaves an open furrow of 2 feet in width.

"The consumption of coal required to perform the above operation, is from 1½ to 2 tons, according to quality, per day. The number of men required would be as follows:—two to conduct a plough, one to attend the movement of the auxiliary machine, and one to prepare the end of the furrow next to the machine for the entrance of the plough in the succeeding bout. The full complement of men, therefore, for two ploughs or sets of harrows, &c., would be eight labourers, one engine-man, and one boy to assist in the machine.

"It is quite possible that this description may not be strictly accurate, and it is presented merely for the purpose of enabling the public to form a general idea of the nature of the machine, and its mode of opera-

tion. There can be little doubt, that to Mr. Heathcoat must be awarded the palm of having invented a steam-engine which is applicable to the cultivation of the soil, though to what extent remains yet to be determined."

DEANE'S DIVING APPARATUS.

(To the Editor.)

It is worthy of record, that the ingenious diving apparatus, a description of which appeared at page 184 of your present volume, was originally invented by Mr. Deane, for the purpose of rescuing lives and property from houses on fire, and for facilitating the extinction of the flames. Mr. Deane publicly exhibited this application of his apparatus, at a meeting of a society, then existing, for the prevention of loss of life by fire, held in the metropolis in Feb. 1829.

Having vainly endeavoured to obtain the patronage of the Fire Insurance companies, Mr. Deane turned his invention to better account as a means of exploring "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean." An apparatus very similar to that of Mr. Deane, has been recently brought out at Paris to this country, and is now successfully employed by the men of the London Fire Establishment. The only difference between the two apparatus, consists in the employment of a copper helmet by Mr. Deane, while the French head-piece, &c., is composed entirely of leather, and is drawn on over the helmet now usually worn by the firemen of London. B.

OCTOBER.

But see the fading, many-coloured woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Embrown'd, a crowded umbrage dark and dun
Of every hue. THOMSON.

Of all the months, the one for meditation made, is this season of falling leaves and fading flowers. A few of the bright children of the summer yet remain to tell of sunny hours past by; and as the tempered ray of the autumn sun gleams on them, lift up their still blooming heads to the changing sky. The mignonette still perfumes the air, the asters' varied beauties still gladden the eye, and the proud dahlia, in crimson, yellow, and lilac, still towers supreme. The graceful fuchsia drops its scarlet flowers, and coreopsis and geranium still deck the garden with their waning beauty. Here and there, a lingering rose scatters its pale leaves to the breeze, looking woefully out of its place amongst the hardy stragglers of the autumn. The Michaelmas daisy is clustering its humble flowers, and faithfully will it abide even the coming rigours of winter—

"Cheering the view when all grows dim,
And comfortless and stormy round!"

* * These measures of the steam are supposed to be the excess of pressure above that of the atmosphere.

The sweet and tender blue of the convolvulus is seen no more; its silky leaves, (no fairy's wing is lighter,) are closed; the dewy mornings, so friendly to its unfolding, are over. And thou, lovely and graceful laburnum, thy drooping flowers are withered, the robin and the sparrow are hopping amongst thy bare and withered branches; the poplar and the ash are spreading the garden-walks with their leafy honours, and all things tell of the fast-approaching dissolution of nature. On the close analogy of this pensive season, with the gradual decline and fall of our short earthly tenure, moralists have expatiated, and poets have sung; and divines have warned us from it of life's fearful brevity. "Man cometh up as a flower, in the morning it is green and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered!" The vernal dreams of life's sweet spring, with rainbow hues, 'fresh and undimmed by a cloud, and the glowing hopes and ardent schemes of summer, fade off into the calm, subdued, and reflective hues of autumn. The sunny seasons of life, how quickly are they gone! and before us is the dark December of our year;—a few flowers may be left, but they fade, and fade away,—a few leaves,—but they fall one by one, and, lo! the winter of our life is come! without the hopes and sure promises of immortality, dreary indeed!

But, pleasing is October in its very decay; when the silence and repose of nature are broken only by the echo of the sportsman's gun:

"The partridge bursts away on whirling wing,
In his mid career, the spaukel struck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full
Fearful and cautious on the latent prey."

The yellow leaves fall noiselessly from the withered boughs; the fields, so lately waving with golden grain, are brown and waste.

We are prone to muse on those who since the year opened have fled from this changing scene,—on their graves the departing beams of autumn linger,—who when the year began were dreaming of many days yet to come. Thick-coming memories arise of all we have done, enjoyed, and suffered, since the leaf, now red and sere, burst out in April freshness; how many schemes have been frustrated,—how many designs thwarted,—how many hopes have decayed,—how many resolves been broken,—and how many friends have departed, since first from "Aries roll'd the bounteous sun." And past as a dream when one awaketh are the leafy months of blue skies, and flowers, and balmy dews, the sultry day prolonged into the gloaming twilight hour—the lovely morning, when summer wore "her veil of mist half drawn on high"—all departed! Another year is added to the ages of eternal duration—another wave from the ocean of time has broken on the solemn shore, and dies away in a low, warn-

ing murmur; for "Autumn is dark on the mountains, grey mist rests on the hills." The whirlwind is heard on the heath, "dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree stands alone on the hill, the leaves whirl round in the wind and strew the grave of the dead:" we are prone to continue the plaintive language of Ossian and ask, "will they return no more?" Yes! we shall meet again, when this world's strife is over; and, where comes not care or pain, a "better land" discover. ANNE R.—

MAXIMS.

Non-information is better than loquacious uncertainty; for Error is a Mercury far more expeditious than Truth.

Flattery is the counterfeit of love.

Assurance is the fool's mask.

The accomplishment of hypocrisy effects this:—to hide that from the world which the hypocrite in vain endeavours not to see himself.

At twenty we marry from the impulse of passion; at thirty for love; at forty for convenience; and at fifty and sixty to be nursed.

Umbrellas and obligations are two things, that few people ever think of returning.

Bad examples do not always make disciples: they act as *warning voices* to wise heads.

Drunkenness is the emptying of the head in consequence of the undue filling of the stomach.

The weaker our cause, the louder is our declamation; and there is no man so desirous, and at the same time so unfit, to assume the defensive, as the drunkard.

Honest poverty is the nobility of the poor.

Profligacy is the ruling passion of indolence.

Those who are contented with a little deserve much; and those who deserve much are far the most likely persons to be contented with a little.

Wait patiently, desire moderately, and act conscientiously, and all that you hope for reasonably shall be fulfilled.

Begin life by promising yourself all you can perform, and show your sincerity by performing all that you have promised.

Disgust is the just reward of deceit; abandonment the ultimate consequence of counterfeit virtues.

Temptation is the half-way house on the road to ruin, and the toll-gate is only passable by the forfeiture of a very heavy fine, namely—our characters and our constitutions.

Habitual errors arise not so much from an obstinacy to persist in evil, as a wrong sense of shame. W. H.

The Sketch-book.

THE HISTORY OF A GENIUS.

(By Captain F. Marryat.)

SHUFFLETON POPE, when he was a very little boy, could sit at table and eat his dinner with an ivory knife and fork, without cutting his fingers—for which peculiar adroitness on his part, his mother declared that he was a genius.

Shuffleton Pope, when he was ten years old, could repeat the collect and the ten commandments without hesitating more than once in three lines—upon which the good old curate stroked his head, and said that he was a genius.

Shuffleton Pope came home from school at the age of fifteen, and could rant “My name is Norval,” so as to make the windows rattle, and the China mandarins nod their heads upon the mantelpiece—at which display the servants would all come in, and stare, and hold up their hands at his turning out such an astonishing genius.

Shuffleton Pope's father was dead—and, therefore, never offered any opinion on the subject.

Shuffleton Pope, however, was precisely of his mother's opinion—he wore his collar down, and his neck bare: his hair hung in long curls down his back: he muttered as he walked; laid down under the trees and read Shakspeare; rolled his eyes in fine phrenzy, like a duck in a thunder-storm: scribbled verses in the Pindarick style, without regard to feet—some lines with as many as a centipede, others brief as wit, nobody understood them, and every body declared that he was a genius.

Mrs. Shuffleton Pope stopped every one she met to tell them of the wonderful talents of her son—if it were a man, she seized him by the button until he had heard her catalogue of observations and expectations, or left his button behind; if it were a woman she held her fast by her gigot sleeve, and the party must take her choice either to listen patiently, or to leave two yards of calico by way of indemnification. In one point all were agreed, that in making out her son to be such a lion, Mrs. Shuffleton Pope proved herself to be a bore. So; things went on until Shuffleton Pope arrived at the age of eighteen, and then Mrs. Shuffleton Pope died—and, what was more unfortunate, her income from the long annuities was cut short, and did with her.

Shuffleton Pope was called Pope, because his father's name was Pope—and Shuffleton after his mother's brother, whose name was Shuffleton. Mr. Shuffleton was an honest yeoman, well to do in the world—who had a great genius for farming, and nothing else. Being guardian to Shuffleton Pope, he sent

for him at his mother's death; pointed out to him that all the property bequeathed him was only a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, and recommended him to turn his attention to agriculture, if he wished to do well. “I can assist you, Shuffleton,” said the good old man, “and my daughter is coming home to-morrow. You have not seen her; and you are not, perhaps, aware that it had been agreed between your father and me, that you should marry if you liked each other. Then you will have my five hundred acres to add to your own at my death. You may decide for yourself—you can work your farm and marry Louisa, or you can let your farm and let her alone.” Shuffleton Pope looked at his farm and looked at Louisa. The farm was more profitable than Arcadian in appearance; and Louisa, although very pretty, had not the air of Sappho. Shuffleton Pope let his farm—and let Louisa alone. He was not wise, but he was a genius.

Mr. Shuffleton was annoyed at his nephews decision, but said nothing. Louisa was also annoyed at her cousin's decision, but said nothing. Shuffleton Pope felt that a little village was not the place for a genius like his—but he also said nothing. One fine day he packed up his portmanteau, and with nearly half a year's rent in his pocket, he took an outside place on the coach, and proceeded to London. He might have said good-by to his uncle and Louisa—but he did not. To be rude is one of the great privileges of genius.

Now, Shuffleton Pope knew nobody, and London is a large place. Nevertheless, Shuffleton Pope thought that every body must have heard of him—Shuffleton Pope, the genius of South-Cobley!—but he soon found out that not only they had not heard of him—but they did not even know where South-Cobley was—upon which discovering, Shuffleton Pope conceived a most ineffable contempt for London in general, and the people of the hotel at which he resided in particular. Notwithstanding Mr. Shuffleton Pope's opinion, there are some very clever geniuses in London, who found him out, and contrived to shift the major part of his money out of his pockets into their own. They did not, however, leave him, as is generally the case in this heartless world, as soon as they had obtained all his money; because they found out that he had an estate. On the contrary, they praised his verses; were astonished at his prose; ate his dinners—drank his wines, and declared, moreover, that Shuffleton Pope was a genius, and no mistake.

Shuffleton Pope was without a sixpence, when very good-natured people came forward and offered him any sum to the amount of two thousand pounds. Shuffleton accepted their offer, and they parted the best friends

in the world, after Shuffleton had signed a deed, the contents of which were too harassing for a genius to read.

All this while Mr. Shuffleton Pope's talents were, somehow or another unknown except at the hotel, where he was duly estimated; but our hero was an aspiring genius, who could not be confined between brick walls: so one day he went to the house of an eminent publisher—

"I come, sir," said Mr. Shuffleton Pope, "to offer you the aid of my talents."

The offer being well meant, was as kindly received.

"In what line, sir, may I ask—I have a periodical."

"Exactly," said Mr. Shuffleton Pope, "I'm not particular."

"But I am," replied the bookseller.

"I trust I can satisfy you. Would you like a political article, or a moral essay, or a philosophical treatise; a heart-rending tale, or a humorous story; I can write one just as well as the other."

"That is very possible, sir, replied the bookseller; "I will speak with you directly."

The bookseller kept Mr. Shuffleton Pope waiting just an hour: and then, there being nobody else in the shop, asked him what he thought he could do.

"You have but to choose, sir," replied our hero.

"Then, sir, if you please to send here a moral tale, it shall meet with every consideration. Our political and humorous, departments are already filled up, and as for philosophical treatises, we are paid for putting them in, as nobody reads them."

Upon which Mr. Shuffleton Pope made a magnificent bow and departed. "I shall astonish this man in a few days: he will treat me with the respect due to genius," thought Pope as he walked out of the shop.

Mr. Shuffleton Pope sat down to write his moral essay. He found out, what he was not aware of before, that there is a great difficulty in beginning a moral tale: some considerable difficulty in continuing it: and that the tail of the tale entailed a great deal of labour. At last it was completed, and certainly was a moral tale, whatever other merits it might have been deficient in.

Shuffleton Pope went to the publisher with his tale in his hand, and was informed that in a few days he should receive an answer. He waited three weeks and was almost dead with impatience. At last his tale was returned, desiring him to cut it down one half. "Cut it down one half!" thought our hero. This was very affronting; "but," thought Pope, "I will do so: this publisher is an ass and a fool; but the public are discerning. Let me but once appear in print." So Mr. Shuffleton Pope reduced

his tale one half, and took it back again to the publisher. It did not appear next month in the periodical; but there was a short notice among those to correspondents: "S. P. too late for insertion." This was consolatory; and our hero waited another month; and, when the magazine appeared, he seized it with the joyful clutch of anticipation. But this is a world of disappointment. The moral tale did not appear; and again Mr. Pope was obliged to refer to the notices to correspondents, where he found: "Moral Tale, by S. P., in our next." Another anxious month, and at last, Mr. Shuffleton Pope found himself in print. What was his delight! He devoured his own tale, as monkeys do when they are sick, and are resolved upon suicide: they determine to eat themselves up, and they always commence with their tails; but this is a slow process of suicide, which allows ample time for reflection; and the consequence is, that by the time they have digested half-a-dozen vertebræ, they give it up. Mr. Shuffleton Pope was very much chagrined to find that the editor had been taking very improper liberties, and had cut down the already cut down tale, to at least one half its previously reduced form; and that, instead of leaving it a moral tale, he had altered it to a *short* tale. "This is too bad," thought Shuffleton Pope; "nevertheless, it is very true. It was a moral tale when I first sent it in: now it is only a short one. But I have at last appeared in print, and South-Cobley shall ring with it." So he bought two dozen of the magazines, and surrounded his own article with ink lines, like a newspaper in mourning, that there might be no mistake; he despatched them off to all his acquaintance at South-Cobley, who, when they had to pay two shillings and ninepence for coach hire, wished Mr. Shuffleton Pope's tale, moral or short, to the very devil.

It was with a firm step that Mr. Shuffleton Pope walked the next morning to the bookseller. He had made no arrangement about payment, that he considered an after consideration. He considered his fortune now made—that he had a certainty of future maintenance and celebrity, but as he could not estimate what his income might be, without he learned the price of his first article, he determined to put the question.

"Good morning, Mr. B.," said Shuffleton Pope.

"Good morning, sir," replied the publisher. "I hope you have seen that your article has been inserted?"

"I have, Mr. B., but it was considerably reduced."

"Very true, sir, that is always left to the judgment of the editor. In magazines we require very concentrated writings."

Thinks Shuffleton Pope, "you made portable soup out of my tale."

"Pray, Mr. B., what do you generally pay for these articles?"

"Pay, sir," replied Mr. B., "why, really, sir, without a gentleman states his price when he sends in his article for decision, we consider it gratis."

"Gratis!" exclaimed Shuffleton Pope.

"Always, sir—indeed otherwise we could not put them in. The editor has had a great deal of trouble, sir, with your tale, so as to make it passable; but we like to oblige young gentlemen who would try their hands—were you not much pleased to see yourself in print?"

"Why, as for that—but, Mr. B., allowing that this article is gratis, may I ask what you will pay me for the next?"

"I am extremely sorry, very sorry to say, sir, that our correspondents are so numerous, particularly our gratis correspondents, that we cannot afford you any more of the pages of our magazine. You will excuse me, sir, but a gentleman waits for me within. Good morning."

Whereupon, the publisher walked in, and Mr. Shuffleton Pope walked out with his tail between his legs, as the saying is.

"This fellow is not only an ass but a cheat," thought Shuffleton Pope. "There are other publishers in London."

In this idea Mr. Shuffleton Pope was correct, but he was not aware that there is little difference between them, and that if any thing, he had already applied to one of the most liberal. But in the course of a year, during which he wrote several more articles and borrowed a great deal more money, Mr. Shuffleton Pope was obliged to allow that either he was not a genius, or that publishers were great rascals. He came to the latter conclusion; had he been convinced of both facts, he would not have been far from the truth.

(To be continued.)

The Naturalist.

WONDERS OF INSECTS. — BY EMANUEL AVELIN.

(Translated and abridged by J. H. Fennell.)

WHEN we enter a fine palace, our attention is first struck by its general form; we next consider the larger parts in succession, and at length the mind becomes so disengaged as to examine into the execution of the minutest ornament. It is the same when we begin a philosophical survey of nature. The researches of botanists began with the greater and more striking genera of plants, and in the course of time were extended to the smallest mosses. The largest animals naturally first occupied the attention of zoologists, but their science will not attain perfection until they have fully delineated and described the most minute.

Insects certainly deserve attention; for the

effects they sometimes produce are so great, that a popular and unenlightened superstition has raised them into prodigies.

In Sweden, the grasses often suffer much from caterpillars in the ground, and some of the people observe solemn fast days for their dispersion. When the middle of summer comes they disappear, and their disappearance is celebrated by a day of thanksgiving; this happens about the feast of St. John, when the caterpillars of the *Phalena calamitosus* assume the chrysalis state.

Reaumur tells us of a gardener, who digging in a garden found the nest of those bees which produce the *centunculus*. It was rolled up and platted with so much art, that he imagined it could not be a natural production, but a spell left there by witches to do some damage to the ground or to the inhabitants. However, having guarded his hands with a pair of gloves, he took it up, and showed it to some neighbours, who looked upon it as a charm of no small potency. He then disclosed his apprehensions to the *cure*, and told him his fears that there were some concealed witches or enchanters in the congregation, who wanted to damage his grounds. The *cure*, deeply impressed with the same apprehensions, told him that he had read accounts of magical knots, but had never seen any before, and very strongly urged him to go to Paris to show them to his master, that he might escape suspicion of being engaged in such horrible villany. He went to Paris, and, with a most miserable accent and countenance, recited the whole of this alarming discovery. His master being unacquainted with the production, consulted his surgeon; and he being no naturalist they agreed to consult M. Nollet, who, producing some similar specimens, informed them that it was the habitation of a bee, and when he began to open one of the partitions the poor gardener was in horror, expecting every moment the most dreadful consequences from this temerity. M. Nollet, however, without the least harm to any one present, extracted an embryo of the *Apis centuncularis*, the bee which forms these cells of rose-leaves.

Showers of blood, with which the walls of churches, houses, and hedges, are sometimes covered, have been regarded by whole cities as dreadful prodigies. A shower of this kind fell, in 1608, about Aix in Provence, and terrified the common people, who expected some great calamity; but Reircius, having investigated the matter very attentively, found that these drops were scattered by an innumerable swarm of the comma-butterfly, (*Papilio C. albus*), hovering in the air. He preserved several chrysalides of this butterfly in a glass, which after their transformation into butterflies discharged drops of blood. This discovery ruined two theories which had been supported, with great and

equal ability,—the first that it was the work of evil spirits, and the other, which was entertained by the naturalists, that these drops were red exhalations precipitated again by rain.

Swammerdam says, that when sitting one day in his cabinet, he heard a great murmur and alarm among the people, which he learned was occasioned by the water of Leyden being turned, (as they imagined,) into blood; but, on examining it he discovered that the change of colour was caused by the greenish-red water-flea, (*Monoculus pulex*), and Merret in his Treatise *De Pluviis Sanguineis*, confirms this account.

The death's-head hawk-moth, (*Sphinx atropos*), is an object of superstitious fear from its colour and marks. Its back has a mark like a human skull, and its sound resembles the crying of an infant;* wherefore the inhabitants of some provinces in France, where in particular years it greatly abounds, not only think it an omen of calamity, but a presage of the plague or some other contagious disease.

A Swedish gentleman of the name of Rosback, being out early one evening, felt something puncture his hand; the mark was imperceptible, but such excruciating torture, (*cocytus*), attacked him in the place, that the loss of his senses or death was apprehended. He recovered by slow degrees after the pain he had suffered, but the cause of it was not ascertained.

The North Bothnians generally affirm that when their immense waters are dried up in summer, something floats in the air which falling anywhere upon the body causes the most horrid pains; but if it fall upon any essential part, or be swallowed with the food, it produces inevitable death; wherefore, as soon as the pain is felt, the part is cut off. James Esward, a breeder of sheep in Keimi, sent a specimen of this pest, (*Furia infernalis*), to Linnæus. It was very like a minute worm, but so dried up that it could not be known: it fell into a plate at dinner. In Finland, also, not only men but cattle are liable to this deplorable accident. Sometimes, a few days after the pain commences, they perceive a dusky, yellowish spot on one part or other of the body. Various means were ineffectually applied to cure it, till it was accidentally discovered that if fresh cheese-curd be laid to the part, the pain abates, and a minute worm, about two lines in length, comes out of the puncture into the curd, which perhaps it prefers to other food. The Finlanders now use this specific remedy. This miserable disorder seldom visits the southern part of Europe, but formerly it was not unknown there. Peter Naaldyck, a Hollander, but a physician of Gottenburg,

* British entomologists compare it to the squeak of a mouse.—J. H. F.

in his work entitled *Libri Philippicorum de Equis* says:—"The worm called by the Dutch, *de vider*, is extremely fatal; it kills in the space of an hour, and therefore is not improperly called the death-worm: it is only to be cured by cutting the part out, or by burning it with a hot iron."

There is a minute insect, a species of flea called the nigus (*Pulex penetrans*),† which has a small fork in his tail similar to that of the *Podura* (See Catesby's *History of Carolina*, vol. i.). This minute flea secretly perforates the skin of the feet and there lays its eggs, which produce pain, inflammation, gangrenes, and death, unless the part be cut out with the greatest exactness and care. Ulloa, in his *Voyage to Peru*, mentions the same insect, and so do many other American travellers. It is a well-known fact, that only the Indian aquatic plants will bear the cold of Sweden. Hence, we see the quill-wort (*Isoetes*), water-lily (*Nymphaea*), scirpus and club-rush (*Sagittaria*), common to the hottest parts of the torrid zone, and the severest latitudes of the north; but they always grow with us at a distance from the shore, lest they should be destroyed by the ice; and in like manner, the native insects of India may deposit their eggs in our muddy lakes, which being dried in summer may hatch and be multiplied every year, as the life of the minute insects is generally annual.

In the spring of 1694, some galls hung down like chains upon the oaks in Germany, and the common people who had never observed them before, imagined them to be magical knots. They were produced by that species of gall-fly, (*Cynips*), delineated by Reaumur in his *History of Insects*, vol. iii., tab. 40.

In the summer mornings, the Swedes frequently observe a black dust, like gunpowder, scattered equally on the paths. They are astonished to see it move and leap, and deem it unlucky to tread upon it; not knowing that it is only innumerable and very minute water-fleas, (*Podura*).

On the foot stalks of the leaves of the black poplar, (*Populus nigra*), may sometimes be found red berries of the size of cherries. These productions, which are protuberant on the one side and cracked on the other, inclose and nourish a species of plant-louse—the *Aphis bursaria*. The aspen, (*Populus tremula*), has similar protuberances, of the size of a pea, which inclose the *Tipula juniperæ*. Its leaves are cut by other insects, and drawn up in a form similar to the cone of a cowl, with the margin radiated and curled a little. The work of these insects is very admirable.

(To be continued.)

† It is generally called the chigoe, or jigger. Some interesting papers upon this troublesome insect are published in one of the late volumes of the Magazine of Natural History.—J. H. F.

Anecdote Gallery.

UNLUCKY INSTINCT OF A PARROT.

A GENTLEMAN having accumulated a considerable fortune in business, purchased a villa in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, where he wished to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyments of those comforts which are generally attendant upon affluence; but, he had unfortunately married a wife who was determined to allow him as little enjoyment as possible. The lady had, by a former marriage, a daughter, whom it was her desire to see well settled in the world, for which purpose she spared neither pains nor expense; but her maxim being to save as much as possible in private, that she might be enabled to spare no expense in public, her custom was to provide for the family fare of the humblest description. One of her economical schemes was the establishment of a piggery. Once, after having made a very profitable sale to a butcher of a number of porkers, she supplied her husband's table with fried pig's liver for some days. As soon as the citizen arrived from business, a parrot which the lady kept for her amusement, was in the habit of hearing its mistress vociferate over the stairs to Rebecca, (her only domestic, a great red-cheeked, raw-boned girl, lately arrived from the country,) "come, away with the pig's liver."

By such frugal meals, the lady was saving for a grand dinner she was about to give to a young man of quality, with whom she had formed an acquaintance, and who was struck with the showy figure of the *demi-selle*. The lady having invited the gentleman and two of his fashionable companions, to what she called a family dinner at the villa, on an early day, she provided the choicest wines, engaged a French cook and "a powdered waiter," and hired a quantity of plate for the occasion. On the appointed day, the guests arrived; the dinner was served; and the lady had the happiness to see her daughter seated next her admirer. The party "went off" well, and everything seemed to favour the lady's wishes; the soup and fish passed away, and a haunch of venison was announced. During the interval awaiting its appearance, John was despatched for champagne. The company waited: no venison, no champagne, no waiter appeared—a dead silence ensued—minutes were added to minutes; the old citizen at last rose from his chair and rang the bell—but it was rung in vain—it was not answered—and the suspense became dreadful. "What a pretty parrot you have got," said one of the visitors, at last, in despair.—"He is a very pretty bird," answered the lady of the house, "and very intelligent, too, I assure you. What have you to say for yourself, Foll?"—"Becky!

Becky! the pig's liver and a pot of beer. Quick, quick! come, away!" cried the parrot.—"The sailors teach these creatures to be so vulgar," said the young lady, in a simpering tone. The parrot having been roused from his lethargy, continued to bawl out, at the top of his voice: "Becky, Becky! the pig's liver. Quick, quick! Becky, Becky!" But what was the horror of the lady and her fair daughter, and how uncontrollable was the mirth of the three guests, when the great, alipshod, country wench entered the room, her left arm embracing an ample dish of smoking hot fried pig's liver, and in her right hand bearing a foaming pewter pot full of beer. "Lucky, indeed, it was that I had it ready, ma'am," said the servant, as she set the dish, and the pot down before her mistress; "for Jowler, the big watch-dog, has run away with the leg of carrion; and Monsieur, with the white nightcap, and the other chap, with the flour in his head, will have enough to do to catch him."

W. G. C.

FANATICISM IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

DR. BRUNO RYVES gives a remarkable instance of fanatical conscience in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him, but refused because, he said, it was stolen; then, being about to march, he, who would eat no stolen goose, made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and new Puritan have consciences of the selfsame temper:—"to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel."

The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use: as the eating of Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas, which they reputed sinful.

The rebellious clergy would, in their prayers, pray, and exhort, and even foretell things, to encourage the people in their rebellion.

Sir William Dugdale informs us, that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able, to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it;" &c. &c. Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, observes: "I may truly say, as the martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause." See *Loyal Songs*, vol. ii., No. 26.

"They pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws,
To set up an idol, then nick-named the Cause,
Like Bell and the Dragon to gorge their own maws."

In those days, an hour-glass was placed on the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out, (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken,) would say that the preacher was lazy; and if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed.

W. A. B.

Retrospective Cleanings.

TRUTH AND LYING.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—I find to him that the tale is told, belief only makes the difference between the truth and a lie; for, a lie believed is true, and truth uncredited, a lie: but certainly there rests much in the hearer's judgment, as well as in the teller's falsehood. It must be a probable lie, that makes the judicious, credulous; and, the relater too, must be of some reputation, otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the mind. There is a generation of men whose unweighed custom makes them speak out any thing that enters into their heedless fancy: that are so habituated in falsehood that they have very little regard for the truth; and, though they ought to have good memories, yet, they lie so often, that they do not at last, remember that they lie at all: that, besides creating whole scenes of their own, they cannot relate any thing clear and candidly; but they must either augment or diminish. Falsehood, like dust cast into the eyes of justice, keeps her from seeing truth: it sometimes finds its way to the bar at tribunals, and there perverteth judgment: a severe penalty were well inflicted, where the advocate should dare to obtrude an untruth; for, how can that judge walk right that is bemisted in his way. We can never come at either peace or justice, if we be not guided to them by truth; and peace never abides long in any religion where truth is made an exile: certainly, a liar, though ever so plausible, being once discovered, is looked upon not only as inconsiderate, but dangerous; and, besides, he that often lies in discourse, when he needs not, will be sure to do it whenever he needs: so his interest being only inward to himself, all that is without him, is not set by; and doubtless, humanity hath not a worse companion, than he that singularly loveth himself. Think not to live long in peace if thou converseth with a lying man; nor canst thou think to live long in reputation: you can neither freely relate any thing after him, nor pass a right judgment upon any thing that he speaks: if you believe him, you are deceived; if you do not believe

him, he takes it as an affront. The way is, either to pass him by, as not minded, or check him a little in his own way; as when one told Galba, that he had bought lamprey in Sicily, five feet long; he answered "that is no wonder, for there they are so long, that the fishermen use them for ropes." I could sooner pardon some crimes than this wildfire in the tongue, that scorches wherever it alights. I do not wonder that some think it so great an offence to have the lie given: for, surely, a liar is both a coward and a traitor; he fears the face of man; and, therefore, crouches behind the littleness of a lie to hide himself; and though God has set him to defend the truth, he basely deserts the hold, and runs to the enemies colours. What is that man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the bonds of society. What have we to rely upon in this world, but the professions and declarations that men seriously and solemnly offer: when any of these fail, a ligament of the world is broke; and whatever was upheld by it, falls. Truth is the good man's guardian; it is the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of his enemies. God himself is truth, and certainly he never intended that the heart and tongue should be disunited; yet, we ought to weigh well what we hear; for, he hath an easy faith, that, without consideration, believeth all that is told. If there be truth of tongue, I may hold traffic with men of all other vices; but take away that, and I tread upon a quicksand. Though I speak not always all that is truth, yet I would never speak any thing false. A man may commit faults; but truth is a thing immortal; and gives him consolation under the greatest difficulties.—W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

IN days of yore the minstrel's lyre
Aroused a nation's latent fire,
And England deemed her happiest hour
Was purchased by the troubadour.

Even thus, if peril e'er dismay,
Her trump shall wake his slumbering lay,
To rally, fairest queen, for thee
The might of England's chivalry.

But not for thee his blithest strain
Could aught of added love obtain;
Their all is given—their prayers arise,
A grateful incense, to the skies.

Spurn not the gift, for heavenly aid
Doth most become a royal maid—
Her people's love the brightest gem
That decks her virgin diadem.

Glad—as his note whose joyous wing
The tidings bears of infant spring;
Soft—as the leaves that haste to greet,
And twine around his airy feet;

Pure—as the liquid drops that dwell
Untainted in the flower's cell,—
So may'st thou e'er, as now thou art,
Be shrouded within thy people's heart !]

Then, oh ! preserve from every stain
The faith for which their martyrs slain,
Though freed from mortal toil and wo,
Perchance still deign a glance below.

And if amid those realms above
Can linger aught of earthly love,
Seraphic voices blessings blend,
And with a people's prayers ascend,

To ask that though his star be gone
That poured its lustre on our throne,
Yet she whose sun has risen to-day
May shed as bright, as pure a ray.

Fraser's Magazine.

MARRIAGES FROM THE STAGE.—BY LEIGH
HUNT.

(Selected from the *Monthly Repository*.)

THE first person among the "gentry," who took a wife from the stage, was Martin Folkes, the antiquary, a man of fortune, who about the year 1713, married Lucretia Bradshaw, a performer of the sprightly heroines of Farquhar and Vanbrugh. The author of the "History of the English Stage," quoted in the work mentioned below, calls her "one of the greatest and most promising *genius* of her time;" and says that Mr. Folkes made her his wife "for her exemplary and prudent conduct." He adds, "that it was a rule with her in her profession, to make herself mistress of her art, and leave the figure and action to nature." What he means by this is not clear. Perhaps for "art" we should say "part;" which would imply that the fair Lucretia got her dialogue well by rote, and then gave herself up, without further study, to the impulses of the character; which in such lively ones as those of *Corinna* in the "Confederacy," and *Angelica* in the "Constant Couple," probably disposed the spirited virtuoso to inquire whether she could be as prudent as she was agreeable. From her performance of characters of this description Mr. Nichols somewhat hastily infers that she must have been "a handsome woman at least, had a good figure, and probably only second-rate theatrical talent." Be this as it may, the poor lady ultimately lost her reason. We are not told any thing of her origin or connexions.

The man who next followed this gallant example, was a personage celebrated for his gallantry in all senses of the word—the famous Lord Peterborough, the hero of the war of the succession in Spain, and friend of Pope and Swift. The date of the marriage is not known, for it was a long time kept secret; but in the year before he died (1736) he publicly acknowledged as his countess, the celebrated Anastasia Robinson,

the singer. She had appeared upon the stage, but was chiefly known in the concert-room. Her father was a portrait-painter, of good family, who had studied in Italy, and was master of the Italian language and very fond of music; but losing his sight, the daughter, much against her inclination in other respects, turned her own passion for music, which he had cultivated, into a means of living for the family.

The ladies of quality now commence their example in turn. On the 8th of January, 1739 (we are sorry we don't know the church) the Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis, and daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, was married to John Beard, the singer. We have a pleasure in stating the circumstance as formally as possible, for three reasons; first, because the marriage was a happy one; second, because *all mention of it is omitted in the Peerages*; and third, because Lord Wharnccliffe, in his edition of the "Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," above mentioned, has designated Beard, we know not on what authority, as "a man of very indifferent character."

The union which, of all those of professional origin, seemed to promise most for felicity, that of Elizabeth Linley with the subsequently famous Sheridan, is understood to have had but an ill result. The lady, daughter of Linley the composer, was beautiful, accomplished, and a fine singer; the gentleman, a wit, a man of courage, and with, apparently, a bright and prosperous life before him. He had fought for her with a rival, under circumstances of romantic valour: and no one appeared so fit to carry off the warbling beauty, as he could alike protect her with the sword, and write songs fit for her to warble. But Sheridan, with all his great talents, was not provident enough to save a wife from ordinary disquietudes, nor (for aught that has appeared) had he steadiness of heart enough to make her happy in spite of them; and Miss Linley, besides the vanity perhaps natural to a flattered beauty, and therefore a craving for admiration, wanted economy herself, and had a double portion of sensibility. It is to be doubted, whether the author of the *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* possessed the sentiment of love in any thing like proportion to the animal passion of it. An harmonious nature probably left no sympathy out of the composition of his wife. The result chiefly as it affected their fortunes, has been intimated by Madame d'Arblay in very solemn head-shaking style. The less bounded sympathy of a poet (Thomas Moore) has, if we are not mistaken, delicately touched upon the remainder of the story somewhere; but we cannot find the passage, and it is not material to the purpose before us.

* *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. II., p. 588.

It was looked upon, no doubt, as a far less daring thing to take a wife from the concert-room than the theatre, especially as Miss Linley had not long been in it, and the precedent of Anastasia Robinson, notwithstanding the equivocal look of her position in the first instance, had been redeemed by the graces of her understood propriety and manners, and the way in which she sustained her rank at last. But a female was now to appear on the stage, and in comedy too, who by singular fitness for personating the character of a gentlewoman, was justly accorded the rank of one by common consent; and who by her marriage in high life, seems to have taken off the worst part of the opprobrium from all similar unions in future. We need not add, that we allude to Elizabeth Farren, who, in the year 1797, upon the death of his first countess, was married to Edward, Earl of Derby, father of the present Earl. His lordship was neither young nor handsome; the lady was prudent, quietly transferred her elegant manners from the stage to the drawing-room, and the public heard no more of her.

This sensible example was followed by those whom it had probably assisted towards the like exaltation. In 1807, Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven, by whom she was mother to the present; and like Miss Farren, disappeared into private life. We recollect her as being what is called a fine woman, and one that had lady-like manners, carried to a pitch of fashionable indifference. She would sometimes, for instance, twist about a leaf, or bit of thread between her lips while speaking, by way of evincing her naturalness, or *nonchalance*. She was sister of the respectable actor of the same name, and aunt of Mrs. Yates, the admirable performer of *Victorine*.

In the same year Miss Searle (we know not her Christian name, which is a pity, considering that she was one of the delights of our boyish eyes,) became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert; and vanished like her predecessors. She was a dancer, but of great elegance, with a rare look of lady-like self-possession, which she contrived to preserve without injuring a certain air of enjoyment fitting for the dance. It was this union no doubt that captivated us.

"The Beggar's Opera," now put a coronet on the brows of another Polly:—at least, this character, we believe, was the one which chiefly brought forward the gentle attractions of Mary Catherine Bolton, called also *Polly Bolton*, who, in 1813, became the wife of Lord Thurlow, nephew of the first Lord Thurlow, the judge, and what is more, a true poet, notwithstanding the fantastical things he mixed up with his poetry. Mr. Hazlitt became acquainted with his writings on the recommendation either of Charles Lamb or Barry Cornwall (we forget which), and put

him among the living poets, whose specimens he collected in his "New Elegant Extracts." There are passages in them of the right inspired sort—remote in the fancy, yet close to feeling,—and worthy to stand in the first rank of modern genius. We fear he made but too poetical a consort, richer in the article of mind than money; but if he had a poet's kindness, and her ladyship heart enough to understand him (as her look promised), she may still have been happy. We know nothing further of his lordship or his marriage, except that the present lord is the result.

We have no records before us to show when Mr. Becher, a gentleman of fortune, married the celebrated tragic actress, Miss O'Neil; nor when Mr. Bradshaw, another, married Miss Tree, one of the truest of the representatives of Shakspeare's gentler heroines, albeit there was something a little fastidious in her countenance. The latest of these unions, Mrs. Coutts's marriage to the Duke of St. Albans, came the first under our notice; and therefore we shall now conclude with some general remarks on the spirit of this custom of wedding with the stage, and the light in which it ought to be regarded.

And this simply concentrates itself, we conceive, into one point; which is, that the theatrical world no more renders a person unworthy of the highest and happiest fortune if the individual has been unspoilt by it, *than the world of fashion does*. See what has transpired in the course of this article, respecting people of fashion, and what we shall proceed to notice respecting the persons concerned and their connexions, and let any one ask himself whether it would be fairer to say "Don't take a wife or husband from the stage," than "Don't take one from the world of fashion." Mrs. Bradshaw was of unexceptionable character; Lady Peterborough was unexceptionable; Beard was unexceptionable; so was O'Brien, for aught we know to the contrary; so was Miss Linley, Miss Farren, Miss Brunton, Miss Searle, Miss Bolton, Miss O'Neil, Miss Tree. Really, the stage, instead of a sorry figure on these occasions, cuts, upon the whole, an excellent one; and considering its comparative smallness, and inferior education, may put its fashionable friend on the defensive!

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

Blunders.

The Irish blunder is *sui generis*; and it is not only of a class by itself, but it is of the best class. It always puzzles, which mere clownishness does not; but it always amuses by its oddity, its novelty, and its humour. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman who, on getting a ten-pound prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid

for it, cried out, "What luck it was that I did not get the 20,000*l.*: I must have been entirely ruined!"

An orator, in the Irish House of Commons, was describing the inordinate love of praise which characterized an opponent. "The honourable Member," said he, "is so fond of being praised, that I really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff on his grave."

"Contempt of money," was the expression of another. The honourable member professes to play the philosopher. I can assure you, Mr. Speaker, that if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honourable member, it is that of purse-bearer; a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statemanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better, and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings, and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that if the honourable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarves and batbands for the survivors."

The answer of one of the officers of the British brigade to the French king after an action, was long a source of amusement in France, and is still on record as an instance of the pregnant *brusquerie* of the sons of St. Patrick. The King, in portioning out his royal praise, observed that one of the regiments had behaved with great gallantry, "as was evident from the number of its wounded."—"Yes, your Majesty," said the impatient and gallant major, jealous for the honour of his own battalion, "*they* behaved well; but I may take leave to say, *we* behaved better; they might have had many wounded, and no blame to them, but *we* were all killed."

"My lord," said a fellow condemned to be hanged for sheep-stealing, "all I ask of your lordship is, that I shall not be hanged on a Friday."—"Why?" asked the judge in surprise.—"Because," was the answer, "it is always counted a mighty *unlucky* day!"

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."

On the late importation of the coloured and figured French nightcaps, an Irish baronet who made a purchase of half-a-dozen of different patterns in Bond-street, was asked "What he meant to do with so many?"—"Why, to be sure, wear them all till I see which I like best."—"What! in the dark?"—"No; I sleep with a light in the room."

"But how does that clear up the matter; if you are once asleep?"—"Oh, the clearest thing in the world. From my cradle I had a habit of sleeping with my eyes open."

"Is there any ford here?" asked an English tourist who came suddenly to a full stop before one of the little mountain torrents of the west of Ireland.—"Oh, to be sure, your honour, there was a ford," said a peasant standing at the brink, and making a hundred grimaces of civility.—"When was it?" said the tourist.—"Before the bridge was built," said the peasant; "but when man and horse went over the bridge, the ford got out of the habit."—"Well, now that the bridge is broken down, I suppose the ford may have got into the habit again. Is it safe?"—"To be sure, your honour, all but in the middle, but that is nothing; and if you can swim, there is not a better ford in the country."—"But I cannot swim."—"Then, your honour, the only safe way that I know of is, as soon as you get out of your depth, to walk back again."

"If we go to law," said a wealthy landholder to his tenant, "we go into Chancery, and out of Chancery neither of us will ever get till we get into our graves."—"I am of the same opinion; I want to get into neither the one nor the other: so let us go to a reference," said the tenant; "and if the reference does not satisfy us, let the matter be settled, as usual, by an umpire."—"Well, be it so, but on this condition," said the man of wealth, "that if he cannot make a decision, we shall have umpires on both sides."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

The Gatherrrr.

Letter-writing.—Charles Lamb, in one of his delightful letters, says: "my head aches at the bare prospect of letter-writing. I wish all the ink in the ocean dried up, and would listen to the quills shivering up in the candle flame, like parching martyrs."

Hurricane.—On the 15th of June, there was a severe hurricane at Bombay. Upon its abatement, the bay was covered with bales of cotton, and the wrecks of boats and ships. In the back bay, the dead were washed out of their graves, and floated about the shore. The roofs of houses were torn off, and trees blown down. There was scarcely a dry house on the island, and goods to a great amount were destroyed in the warehouses. Such was the fury of the tempest, that the lighthouse, strongly built as it is, tottered on its base, and seemed momentarily on the point of falling. The officer in charge was blown off his legs, and the copper roof of the powder magazine forced off entire, and pitched upon the roof of an adjoining guard-room, which was completely demolished. The roofs of some of the terraces were carried away, and

might be seen floating along the wind as if, (says the account,) "they had been but mere pullicat handkerchiefs."

Aloe.—A German paper states, that in the beautiful garden of the Prince Philip of Batley, at Kermans, in Hungary, is an aloe, about 80 years old, which has reached a height of about 12 feet, and bears 1,000 buds, about to blossom.

Recent Ascent of Mont Blanc.—On the 22nd of August, last, Mr. Atkins, from Berkshire; Mr. Pedwal, likewise an Englishman, and Mr. Hedrengen, an officer in the Swedish Artillery, started from Le Prieure, with ten guides and six volunteers, favoured by the finest weather. At four o'clock in the afternoon, after a fatiguing and perilous journey, they reached the grand Mulet rock. During the night, the thermometer sank to five degrees below zero of Reaumur, (20° Fahrenheit). At two o'clock in the morning, they quitted their cold bivouac, and favoured by the light of the moon, they proceeded so rapidly, that they reached the summit of Mont Blanc at a quarter past ten the same morning. The enterprising travellers remained there about an hour and a half, to enjoy the magnificent panorama which presented itself to their view. Towards the Italian side of the mountain, the thermometer stood at 5° (20° Fahrenheit); but, towards the Swiss side, it stood at 10°, (about zero of Fahrenheit). At three o'clock in the afternoon, the party reached the grand Mulet on their return; and, at seven in the evening, they returned to Chamounix, where a number of persons awaited them.—*Times.*

Old Weller's Letter, (from Pickwick.)—

"Martha Grass
"By darken
"Wensdy.

"My dear Sammle,

"I am very sorry to have the pleasure of bein a Bear of ill news your Mother in law cort cold conskens of imprudently settin too long on the damp grass in the rain a hearin of a shepherd who warnt able to leave off till late at night owen to his havin vound his-self up with brandy and vater and not being able to stop his-self till he got a little sober which took a many hours to do the doctor says that if she'd swallo'd varm brandy and vater arterwards insted of afore she mightn't have been no vus her veels was immedety greased and everythink done to set her a goin as could be invented your father had hopes as she would have vorked round as usual but just as she was a turnen the corner my boy she took the wrong rode and vent down hill vith a velocity you never see and notwithstanding the drag was put on directly by the medikel man it wernt of no use at all for she paid the last pike at twenty minutes afore six o'clock yesterday evenin havin done the journey very much under the reglar time vich praps was

partly owen to her haven taken in very little luggage by the vay your father says that if you vill come and see me Sammy he vill take it as a very great favor for I am very lonely Samivel N. B. he vill have it spelt that vay vich I say ant right and as there is sich a many things to settle he is sure your gunner wont object of course he vill not Sammy for I knows him better so he sends his duty in vich I join and am Samivel infernally yours
"TONY VELLER."

Sharp-pointed Shoes.—The fashionable people of England have returned to the use of these uncomfortable articles. Square-toed shoes, and the balloon-sleeves of the ladies disappeared together some time since.

Men in Olden Time.—Athenus says, "that Milo, his competitor, taking a bull three years old upon his shoulders, carried him three times round the stadium—knocked him down with one blow of his fist, and ate him up the same day."

A Man in Modern Time.—An animal that goes in when it rains!

A Healthy Recreation.—Among the pleasant employments which seem peculiarly congenial to our sex, the culture of flowers stands conspicuous. The general superintendence of a garden has been repeatedly found favourable to health, by leading to frequent exercise in the open air, and that communion of nature which is equally refreshing to the heart. It was labouring with her own hands in her garden, that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis Lafayette, when he sought her blessing as he was about to commit himself to the ocean, and return to his native clime. The tending of flowers has ever appeared to me a fitting care for the young and beautiful. They then dwell, as it were, among their own emblems, and many a voice of wisdom breathes on the ear from those brief blossoms, to which they apportion the dew and the sunbeam.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The American Character.—"We are born in a hurry," says an American writer, "we are educated at speed. We make a fortune with the wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit a high-pressure engine; our life resembles a shooting star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."

ERRATUM.—At page 84, fourth line from the foot of first column, for "Vaubough" read *Fanbrugh*.

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